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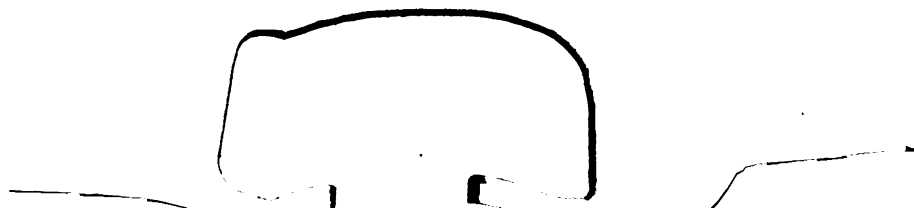
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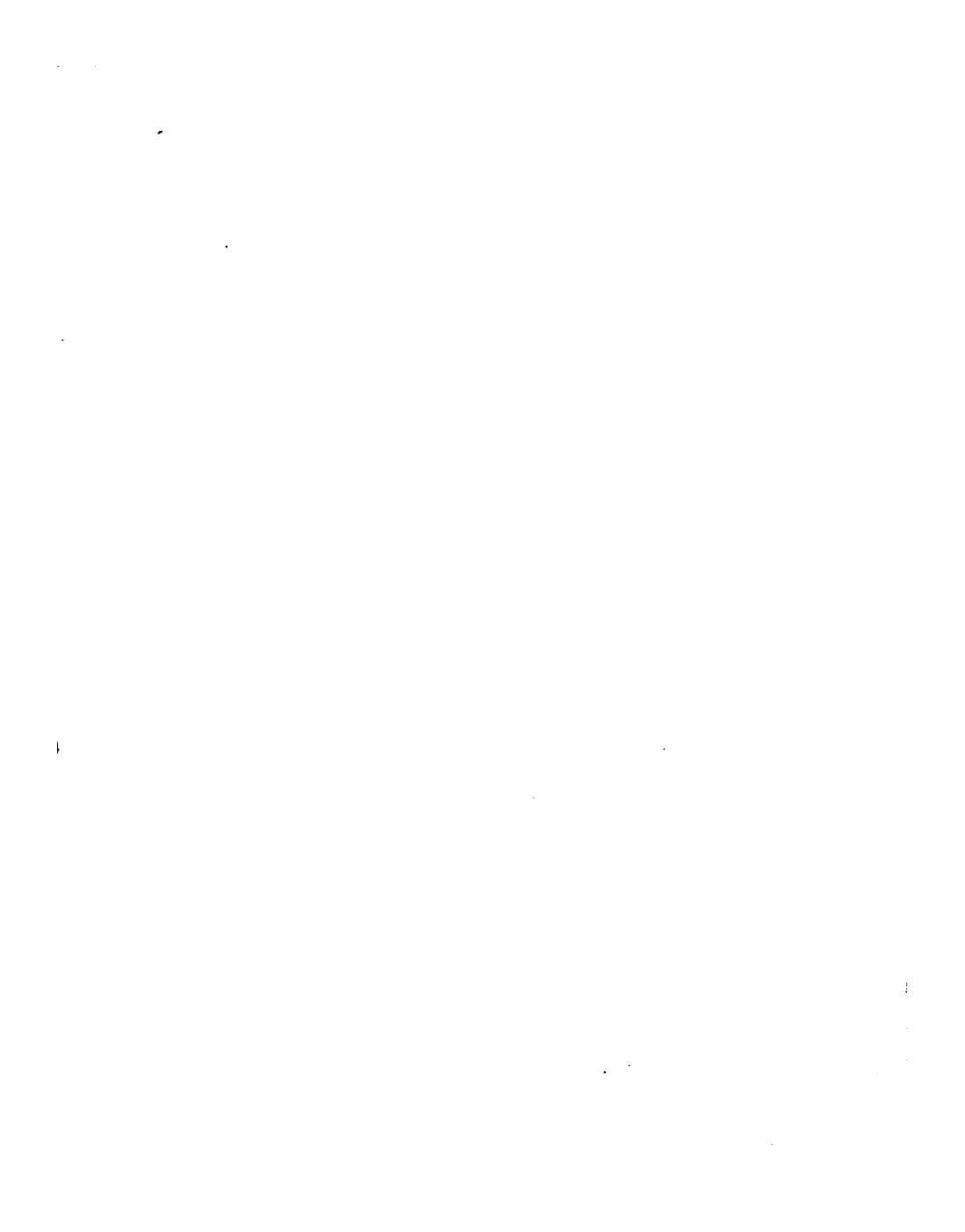
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# THE STORY OF INCA ROCCA,

9049 AND OTHER SHORT POEMS.

BY

CHAUNCEY THOMAS.

AUTHOR OF "THE CRYSTAL BUTTON."



BOSTON:

DAMRELL & UPHAM,

The Old Corner Bookstore,

283 WASHINGTON STREET.

1891. /

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BOSTON, MASS.

**Dedicated**  
**to the**  
**Memory of my friend**  
**George Houghton.**



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## PRELUDE.

---

**T**RUE to her native gifts the wood-bird weaves  
Her matchless nest, and high amid the leaves  
Pours out her song of sweetest melody.  
The wisely prudent bee, unerringly,  
Perfects the angles of her house of wax,  
And from her flowery kingdom gathers tax,  
Though guideless and unschooled. The tawny  
deer  
Breaks through the wood and with light-footed  
fear  
Flies from the hungry wolf on greed intent,  
Then swims the lake to thwart the wolfish scent.  
So man, though isolate for ages past,  
Cut off by eons, as by oceans vast,  
From other climes, where knowledge great hath  
grown,  
Yet doth reveal his kinship, and hath shown,  
That like the bird, the bee, the dappled hind,  
He hath the native cunning of his kind ;  
Buildeth his hut where sweetest waters flow,  
Fashions the spear-head and the sounding bow ;  
Lives by the chase, contends in savage wars,



Anon erecteth kingdoms, maketh laws,  
Buildeth fair cities, groweth great and wise,  
Bows down before his gods, who in the skies  
Immortal dwell in mansions fair and blest.  
Still, upward tending, knowing naught of rest,  
Like to the brown-coned spruce tree's topmost  
shoot,

That springeth ever heavenward from the root ;  
He riseth upward from the lowly past,  
Slowly but higher mounting, till at last  
In deep amaze he lifts his eyes to see,  
Far off, the gleaming heights of human destiny.

## PREFACE.

---

It will be seen by those familiar with the literature concerning ancient Peru that the author of the following pages has adopted the chronology of Fernandez Montessinos, rather than that of Garcillasso de Vega and other contemporary writers, who are commonly quoted as the best authority. In this, the writer follows the lead of Baldwin, who, in his "Ancient America," ably defends the much discredited Montessinos from the contemptuous slurs of many writers, cotemporary and modern. It must be remembered that in the sixteenth century, as well as in much later times, all facts were looked upon with theological eyes, and all thought was necessarily brought into strict accord with theological dogmas.

Few writers of that time were bold enough to suggest that man could have been an inhabitant of America for a longer time than a few centuries, and the particular tribe of Adam to which the red man belonged, as well as the time and manner of

his immigration, were subjects of earnest and sometimes angry discussion.

Montessinos, by his long residence in Peru, his genuine interest in the people and their history, so unusual in a Monk of that time, and the fact that he alone of all the Spanish priests, gained the confidence of the natives and learned from them in their own language a vast amount of their legendary lore, entitles him to great consideration. He claimed to have learned to read the Quippu, that remarkable instrument by which the Peruvians kept their records. From these sources he claims to have gathered information which shows that one hundred and six kings, beginning with Manco Capac, ruled over Peru in a nearly unbroken line. The Peruvian rulers were a long-lived race, and usually died from natural causes. This line of long-lived rulers might easily have covered a period of three thousand years, which would make King Manco a contemporary of Ramasses, the great, instead of being as Garcilasso has it, the first of the *Incas*, of which there were but thirteen princes in all, and their reign began in the twelfth century. Montessinos places Rocca at the head of the line of Incas. He relates that Rocca when a youth

was so beautiful and brave that whenever he appeared in public the people would cry "Inca Rocca" (Lord Rocca). This title, thus given, he assumed on his accession to the throne as a distinctive title of royalty for himself and his successors. Rocca reigned some fifty years, and was undoubtedly a very remarkable man.

Of the vast antiquity of man in America there is now no question whatever. The evidence of his civilization also points to a period so remote as to amaze us by the long vista of centuries reaching back to that far off time.

It is a remarkable fact that the oldest known remains of Egyptian monuments and works of art are of a higher quality than those of later ages. And the state of the arts in ancient Peru, probably coeval with the best days of Egyptian greatness, show an exact parallelism.

The magnificent ruins near lake Titicaca, show works which in conception and execution were infinitely superior to any similar works known to be built in the Inca period.



# THE STORY OF INCA ROCCA.



## THE LEGEND.

THE bright god Inti, ever glorious Sun,  
Who rules arched heaven, spake thus unto  
the Moon

His spouse, the silverhaired, with jewelled crown :  
“Look down to earth upon the sons of men  
And mark their woes. Full long in darkness lost,  
Wanting restraint and guidance, wandering wild  
They know not that the willing earth awaits  
The husbandman, and craves the quickened seed.  
Wilt aid them goddess? Speak, for thine own words  
Shall guide our acts.”

“Great Inti, sovereign lord,  
Thy spoken words, supremely wise, rouse up  
Within my heart, a deep desire to help  
As in me liès, thy goodly purpose on  
If pleasing in thy sight, let there go hence

Two of our heaven-born children, to the earth  
As King and Queen, to gather up the tribes,  
To guard and guide them."

Spake the source of light :  
"'Tis well fair Quilla, send our loved ones forth."

Thus in the wondrous days of long ago  
Great Manco Capac, and his sister-wife,  
Mama Oello, by the radiant gods  
Were sent in love to lift the people up,  
To teach them husbandry and useful arts,  
To spin and weave, and clothe their naked forms.  
Divine compassion !

        This celestial pair,  
The son and daughter of the Sun and Moon,  
Descended upon Titicaca's isle.  
High on the summit of the sacred rock  
That lifts its head in majesty above  
The lake's broad waters. This most sacred spot,  
Walled round with gems and paved with golden  
        tiles,  
Was spread with cumbi cloth, and high above  
On golden bars, hung broad webbed tapestries,  
Whose many colors all resplendent shone

In darkness as in light. Here for a time  
In blest communion dwelt the royal twain.

Then came the air god, with his shadowy wings,  
Who spread his raiment wide in somber folds,  
Scattered bright lightning from his finger tips,  
And with his voice of thunder shook the earth.  
Stooping, he caught unto his cloudy breast  
These favored children of the mighty gods;  
Swiftly he bore them o'er the surging lake,  
Now mounting high amidst the white-robed  
clouds,

Then downward plunging, sweeping o'er the flood  
To greet the water god, who upward tossed  
The white-topped waves to kiss the royal feet.  
The earth god took them in his giant arms,  
As from their airy flight they reached the shore ;  
He gave them earthly fruits, and with a gourd  
Refreshed them with cool water from the brook.  
Then said the god : " Right welcome, heavenly  
born,

Henceforth thou art of earth, her pregnant soil  
Shall ever yield thee up abundant store  
Of her rich fruits to give thee sustenance."



Then northward o'er the rugged Andean slopes  
Manco and Oello journeyed on,  
Crossing the frowning crests and smiling vales,  
Bearing a golden wedge of magic power,  
Seeking the fairest spot in all the land  
On which to fix their royal dwelling place.  
Onward they passed, amid the varying scenes,  
Eating the wholesome fruits from laden trees,  
Resting in shady nooks and vine-clad bowers.  
The sun shone brightly on their chosen path,  
The full-faced moon watched o'er them while they  
slept,  
The lofty mountains charmed their wondering eyes,  
The bristling spurs, like to the bony ribs  
That spring from out the spine of some huge beast,  
Reached down toward the plain from the white  
crests,  
Bounding the sinuous valley, right and left,  
Which in its midst bore outward to the sea  
The deep voiced river.

“Behold, behold!” said Manco;  
“Look on the wondrous beauty of this scene!  
Here gladly would I spend my days, but yet  
The golden wedge moves not, nor give us sign,

And we must journey on though this sweet vale  
Looks fairer than the garden of the gods."  
At length amidst the highest mountain plains,  
They reached a valley broad and passing fair,  
Well watered by the limpid mountain rills,  
Whose never failing source was high above,  
Out-flowing from the everlasting snows ;  
The rugged peaks sent down their cooling breath,  
While from the west the soft sea breezes came,  
Moistening the fruit trees and the growing corn ;  
The mighty trees that crowned the noble hills  
Invited rest beneath their spreading boughs,—  
The leaf-clad home of sweet-voiced singing birds.  
"Stay Manco, stay," said beauteous Oello,  
"There cannot be another place so fair ;  
My eyes are charmed, now with the distant view,  
And now my senses revel in these flowers ;  
See how yon placid lake among the hills  
Displays a mimic world beneath its flood,  
The joyous sounds, the colors bright and fair,  
The wondrous odors sweet, thrill every sense  
And fill me with delight."

"The golden wedge !  
It moves, it struggles, as if having life !"

He placed the shining thing quick in her hand,  
When down it plunged, o'er tasking all her  
strength,

And with a blinding flash it passed from sight,  
Down deep into the earth, and left no sign.

"The gods be praised," said Manco, "here we  
rest,

And here shall stand the city of the kings.  
This is the central spot in this broad land,  
Therefore we call it \*Cuzco. Look, Oello!  
On yonder hill behold our royal house;  
The gods themselves have built a lodge for us.  
Let us with praises to the Sun and Moon  
Enter with joy our princely dwelling place."

Near by a llama and her pretty lamb  
Cropped the green herbage by the water side;  
Now creeping from the forest covert, stole  
A tawny jaguar, then with swift leaps  
He sprung upon the peaceful, pretty beasts,  
And burying in their throats his bloody fangs,  
Drank from the crimson current of their lives,  
Then leisurely regained the forest shade.  
Oello gazed upon the fearful scene

\* Naval.

In speechless terror. Then a serpent dropped,  
Down from a branch, upon a great eyed hare,  
Crushed it in the horror of its folds,  
Then seized it in its wide extended jaws  
And gorged the shapeless body in her sight.  
“Oh, Manco, thou hast wisdom, tell me why  
The gods permit these acts so terrible,  
Why is the world so fair, when loathsome shapes  
Like those that prowl, and creep along the ground,  
And feed on flesh and blood, find their abode  
Within these shades? This beauteous scene  
Seems fit alone for peace, for joy, and love,  
All things that grow delight my inmost sense,  
While all these terrible and cruel beasts  
Fill me with fear. Oh, do not let us stay  
Where wide mouthed monsters roam and rule  
unchecked.”

“Fear not, sweet wife, no harm can come to thee;  
The gods will shield their children, trust in them,  
These creatures do no wrong, no moral sense  
Restrains their acts, for they are not like men.  
We know not why the gods created them,  
And still sustain them, for we are not gods.  
But hark, what sounds are those from o'er the hill

That break the quiet of this valley fair ? ”

A struggling mass of men now came in sight,  
Naked and brown, all armed with clubs and spears,  
Backward they come, pressed by their stronger  
foes,

Driven step by step, by arrows tipped with flint,  
While furious sling-stones smote against their  
breasts,

Bringing to earth the stoutest warriors.  
The shouts of victory, the shrieks and groans,  
The dreadful din of furious battling foes,  
Filled Oello with womanly affright,  
And weeping at the fearful sights and sounds,  
She tightly clasped about her lord's strong arm,  
And sought to draw him backward from the scene.  
“ Oh, take me hence ! ” she cried in agony,  
“ And let us flee where nothing that has breath  
Can harry us. Alone with lovely flowers,  
Where trees and herbage grow, let us abide.”  
“ Fear not, beloved Oello, thus the gods  
Invite us to our task. These savage men  
Who like the beasts do tear each others hearts,  
And seem to live for naught but to destroy,

Have yet within them seeds of noble growth,  
If but the sun of love do on them shine  
And pierce with its bright rays their darkened  
minds."

Then Manco, lifting up his mighty voice  
Above the noise of battle, clear and loud,  
Cried out until the warring legions heard,  
And turned with wonder from their bloody work.  
"Children, attend! cease from your deadly strife,  
Lay down your arms, and listen to my words!  
I am your King, and this your Sovereign Queen;  
The loving gods have sent us down to you.  
See, yonder is our house made without hands,  
Come thou with us to sit in council there."  
The naked chiefs, in silent awe beheld  
The heavenly pair, in shining garments clad,  
Then fell upon their faces, one and all,  
Nor raised their eyes till bidden by their king.  
Meekly following their new-found lord,  
The chiefs advanced toward the royal lodge,  
Trembling with fear, they gladly would have fled,  
Yet greater fear constrained them to obey.  
Entering the stately hall, the king and queen  
Ascended to the dais, high and grand,

Then sat them down upon their golden seats,  
And thus the king addressed the circled chiefs;  
“ Lift up your heads my children, look ye up  
Into our eyes ! • We covet not your fears,  
But crave that love we hope to win from you ;  
The gods have need of you to do their will  
In building up a nation, great and good.  
They wish to teach you how to live in peace,  
And how to make the earth yield up its fruits ;  
They wish that you may know of all things good,  
And be a brotherhood of noble men.  
How many brave men of this company,  
Who without fear of danger, want or toil,  
Will do my bidding as their rightful lord,  
And thus assist the gods ? ”

Like leaping flames  
The hand of every chief was raised aloft,  
While eagerly they gazed upon the king  
With fear and wonder in their reverent eyes.  
“ We wish for four strong men, most stout of heart,  
To visit the four quarters of the land,  
And bid all chiefs to come to us in peace,  
To hold high council here.”

Down walked the king,

And by the right hand led each chosen one  
Forth to the place of parting, back to back,  
And facing north and south and east and west,  
He placed them, binding fast to each broad breast  
A shining jewel from Oello's neck,  
In token of the lofty trust imposed,  
And then each proud and honored messenger,  
Made strong by kingly blessings on his head,  
Went swiftly forward on his lonely way ;  
'Twas thus the ancient empire had its birth,  
And thus the children of the sun were sent,  
To make a nation of the savage tribes.

Long ages passed. The slow and measured march  
Of centuries transformed the wilderness,—  
The haunts of hunting tribes and hunted beasts,  
To mountain pastures, dotted o'er with flocks,  
And broad, green valleys, spread with cultured  
fields.

The generations came and went, and each  
Left something learned, to those that followed on.  
A peaceful look grew in the people's eyes,  
Joy spake in softened tones from smiling lips,  
And thoughtful brows, intent on problems vast,



Bent o'er their pictured schemes of mighty works,  
While cunning hands with rule and stylus traced  
The ornate lines to guide the chisel's course.  
Great cities grew apace, as time rolled on,  
And as a mighty tree the empire grew,  
Spreading o'er all the land from north to south,  
From mountain to the sea, and o'er the roads,—  
Those rock built roads that spanned the empire,—  
passed  
Her countless thousands.

In never failing streams

From mountain snows, the cooling waters ran  
Through aqueducts, with wondrous skill built up  
To spring from fountains in the city squares,  
And flow in channels through the thirsty soil.  
Through all the valleys and green mountain slopes  
Rose cheerful songs of busy millions grown,  
Content to toil in peace and plenteousness.

Alas that ever devastating war  
Should lift its head amid such peaceful scenes,  
Should flaunt its gory banners, dripping red,  
And on the hearthstones of deserted homes  
Whet keen its blades, dulled in the work of war.

Unguarded, and in calm repose, Peru  
Serenely sat, when like a sudden storm  
That rages through black night, and shakes the  
earth,  
A countless hord of dark-skinned warriors  
Came o'er the Andes from the eastern plains.  
With leathern shields, with spears and arrows  
armed,  
Down through the valleys poured the living stream,  
Resistless as the torrent   Terrible  
As beasts of prey.   Swift as the condor's flight.  
As when some garden all abloom with flowers,  
Its springing herbage, quick with buoyant life,  
Is without warning stiffened by a frost ;  
Then all its tender leaves and hopeful buds,  
Droop down and blacken in the morning sun,  
Its fragrance and its glorious beauty gone,  
And in their place but deathly odors rank.  
So fell Peru from her proud opulence,  
Despoiled and pillaged ; all her cultured fields  
Burdened with golden grain, now black and bare ;  
The people slain or fled ; consuming fires  
Darkened the sun with clouds of stifling smoke.  
The land was desolate, King Titu slain,

The rightful heir and nobles of the court  
Abandoned Cuzco in her hour of need  
And fled to Tambotoco. Here secure  
In rugged mountain fastness, safe ensconced,  
The ancient house took up its residence,  
And reigned in peace, but in most humble state,  
While many ages passed. The palaces,  
The stately halls and temples of the gods,  
With shrines of beaten gold and silver decked,  
Were left behind, the prize most coveted  
By each adventurous chief and scheming prince,  
Who ruled some fragment of the once proud realm,  
Held each and every neighbor as his foe,  
And warred across his ever changing bounds.

## ROCCA.



**A**S was the custom in the olden days,  
The king by royal right had many wives,  
And Ceboca, the beautiful, was one ;  
She bore a son named Rocca, fair he grew,  
His mother's idol and her second self,  
As near as son can take a mother's mould,  
His kinsman all, though old and grave, would smile  
When Rocca's bright and winning face appeared,  
And oft would say, "If he were but the heir  
What hopes would centre round so fair a prince."  
Ceboca heard these whisperings, and resolved  
That Rocca should supplant the imbecile  
Whose birth proclaimed him heir. With cunning  
craft  
She fostered well this preference of the court ;  
But needless all her intrigues. Rocca grew  
So great in public favor that his name  
Was on all tongues When he was grown a man  
He begged the king to send him forth to fight

The robber bands, who on the border swarmed  
In ever growing numbers. In this employ  
He won such high renown for deeds of arms,  
That when returning with his captive bands,  
The people shouted, “\*Inca Rocca comes.”  
Then wise Ceboca saw the time was ripe,  
And dressed in all her costliest robes she sought  
Her lord, the king, and in his willing ears  
She poured such tales of Rocca’s bravery,  
His beauty, and his many shining traits,  
And how of all his sons he was most fit  
To wear the †Llautu, when the gods should call  
Her royal spouse beloved, up to the skies.  
The king much moved made answer, “Princess  
fair,  
It shall be as you wish. I love the boy,  
And count him worthy of his sire and thee,  
Therefore, sweet princess, let thy heart be glad.”  
Then great the joy of all within the court,  
When noble Rocca was the chosen one.  
The king invested in his robes of state,  
Attended by his nobles, all arrayed  
In courtly robes and head-bands, had called up

\* Lord Rocca.

† The royal head-band.

The youthful Rocca, and had pierced his ears  
With pointed styles of gold, and on his brow  
A fillet bound of yellow Cumbi cloth,  
Then from his knees he raised him to his feet,  
The future king of ancient Tambotoco.  
The nobles bowed in solemn majesty,  
And offered duty, loyalty, and love.  
“Now to the games, my prince,” king Cupo cried,  
“And be thy foot as swift, thy arm as strong,  
As were thy sire’s, when of thy years.”

Four days

The feast and games continued. Feats of strength,  
The young men’s race, the bow shot games,  
And last, the noble contest with the lance,  
Were followed at the close of each day’s sport  
By feasting, plays, and with the graceful dance,  
Nor ceased the joyous rounds of revelry  
Until the midnight torches burned away.

The time was troublous and ripe for change.  
Deep whisperings of revolt from gathering clouds,  
That like a coming tempest, black and stern,  
Cast their dull shadows o’er the neighboring states,  
By warring kings, misgoverned and oppressed ;

For since the time of the old empire's fall,  
A thousand years had passed.

Insatiate war,  
That heeds not right nor life, nor love,  
Had gorged upon the people's sustenance.  
Often had famine, with her haggard eyes,  
Dwelt in their midst, and following in her path  
Dread pestilence had come to still the cries  
Of hungering thousands. Still the strife went on,  
No lasting peace, but ever and anon  
The angry notes of war were heard again,  
And then the growing corn was trampled down,  
And smoking hamlets marked the deathly trail  
Of warlike bands.

The time wore slowly on.  
The victors of to-day, to-morrow slaves,  
Then slaves grown stronger break their bonds, and  
thus

A thousand years had passed, like crested waves  
That roll and break along a rock-bound shore,  
Then sink back silent in the vast abyss.  
So had the noisy years for ages gone,  
Scattered their fretful foam athwart the world,  
And sunk to silence in the endless past.

A thousand years of war. Oh sympathy  
'Tis well thou canst not scan with pitying eye.  
The boundless world of woe the past hath known,  
Else thou wouldst weep thine eyes away in grief,  
And bless thy loss that thou no more could see.



## THE SHEARING HUNT.



IT was the season of the shearing hunt,  
The festal time when all the people joined  
In hunting down the wild flocks of the hills,  
To rob them of the precious fleece of wool,  
And bring down to the plains a goodly store  
Of well grown lambs, to serve the yearly feast.  
Forth sped the heralds, crying all abroad :  
“The hunt, the hunt, the hunt, the shearing hunt,  
The king commands, and Rocca leads the hunt,  
Toil not to-morrow in the fields of maize,  
But join the joyous hunt. The wild flocks graze  
High on the hills. Gather and circle round  
The feeding lands, then forward to the sound  
Of shouts, and horns, and merry hunting lays.  
Keep wary watch through all the forest ways,  
Lest horned bucks charge down the mountain path  
Or prowling beasts escape thy weapons wrath ;  
That nothing may be wanting in the chase,  
Let each have his apportioned arms in place ;  
Stout poles to baffle wild Vicuna’s leap,

And cords to bind Alpacca's struggling feet ;  
The bolas take, with its entangling thongs,  
To catch swift Huanuco as he runs ;  
Sharp be thy shears to clip the shaggy backs ;  
To bear away the wool, bring agave sacks ;  
Be watchful of the puma in his lair,  
His teeth are long, his claws are sharp, beware !  
Stand firm when Puma leaps, nor heed your fears,  
And let him fall upon your clustering spears,  
Then leave his skinless body on the stones,  
The condors and the ants will bare his bones.  
Then gather for the hunt, the shearing hunt,  
The king commands, and Rocca leads the hunt !”

Gaily the morning dawned and wet with dew,  
The mighty army of the hunters came,  
Awaking all the echos of the morn  
With joyous shouts and high voiced melodies,  
With sounding horns, that merry music made  
Among the cliffs and gorges of the hills.  
Away the hunters sped in ordered bands,  
Each to his post to wait the leader's call.  
Then came a louder blast and braver song,  
And Rocca with his noble kinsmen came,

In leathern garments dressed, with plumed caps,  
All armed with hunting spears of shining bronze,  
Onward they passed to join the circling line,  
And soon were in the greenwood lost to sight.

Down slowly in the west the red sun sank,  
As from the hills again the hunters' notes  
Came faintly o'er the vale, then swelling loud,  
The gay songs smote the ear, and onward came  
The lengthening throng, all laden down with spoil,  
The reeking skins of beasts in triumph borne,  
The red limp flesh of many slaughtered bucks,  
To cut in shreds and dry upon the rocks ;  
High packs of wool to broad, strong shoulders  
    strapped,  
And well grown lambs to serve the coming feast.  
But hark ! What means that loud discordant cry  
That all stand still and listen ? Once again  
It echoes clear and loud. The bale fires blaze, !  
Then turning to the east, all saw the flame  
That mounted high above the signal rocks  
Upon the distant hills. Then Rocca came,  
Loud shouting as he ran : " To arms ! To arms !  
Quick to your homes, then to the city haste,

With all your arms in hand to meet the foe."  
Swiftly he left behind the hurrying throng,  
Sped onward till he reached the city gates,  
And joined the struggling mass that crowded in.

King Cupo, burdened with the weight of years,  
Beheld the warning, and a mighty fear  
Chilled all his blood and shook his aged frame.  
"My councillors," he cried, "go summon them,  
And Rocca, where is he? bring him to me."  
Amidst the tumult which ensued, the king  
Was borne within the crowded hall of state,  
And gently placed upon his cushioned seat.  
Then Rocca came, with heaving chest and hot,  
And stood by Cupo's side.

In feeble tones

The king addressed his eager auditors :  
"My nobles, captains, leaders of our hosts,  
Danger is nigh, our enemies are at hand ;  
This must be Cuzco, knocking at our gates,  
Who, with his ally Huan in command,  
Seeks to destroy our ancient dynasty.  
We lack the strength to stand before their hordes  
And give them battle. Therefore I advise

That you, my wise and trusty councillors,  
Go forth and meet them. Ask them what they  
seek,  
And if more land they still would take from us,  
We must needs give them what we cannot hold.  
What say you, noble Rocca? would'st resist  
And lose our lives and our possessions too?  
Or shall we, armless and in peaceful guise,  
Meet them, and deal with them as best we may?"  
"My august sire, seek council of the old,  
But let the young men fight. If I am rash  
That I would meet the foe with our best arms,  
Judge me not thoughtless, for we all do know  
That in thy youth thy daring saved the state,  
Else we should long have toiled as Cuzco's slaves.  
Shall we go forth unarmed and white with fear,  
And shall we bend for them our willing necks,  
That they may fix their burdens on our backs?  
What say ye princes, Children of the Sun?  
And you high nobles of the royal line?  
What say you captains of our warlike hosts?  
Shall we submit to black-browed Huan's arms,  
And save our blood to quicken slavish limbs?  
Or shall each man who hath an arm to strike,

A hand to clutch, a foot to bear him on,  
Take up his arms for country and for king?  
Then each and all, with just wrath all aflame,  
Go forth with hearts like hungry jaguars,  
To leap upon this base invading horde,  
And, like the whirlwind, smite them to the earth."  
With gleaming eyes the white-haired king arose,  
And clasping Rocca in a close embrace,  
"My noble boy," he cried, "thou warm'st my blood,  
And show'st me the old, lack power to lead,  
For bounding courage jumps with pliant limbs;  
But when the fervent fires of youth are quenched,  
Defencless feels the heart when palsied hands,  
Alone remain to offer feeble guard.  
Now haste ye. Gather up your armed bands  
And follow Rocca, wheresoe'er he leads;  
Let each a mighty hero count himself,  
And may the gods be with you!

Hence, away!"

## THE GATHERING.



**B**IGH on the tower that crowned the temple,  
blazed  
A flaming fire, the king's stern call to arms,  
And soon fierce warlike cries and rattling drums,  
Resounded from the lofty city walls ;  
Anon came louder cries and noisier drums,  
As from without the gates came thronging in  
Strong plowmen, and the herdsmen of the plains,  
With heavy bows and sheaves of arrows armed,  
Their dark eyes gleaming in the ruddy light,  
That shone upon them from the sacred tower,  
Lighting up their faces stern and dark,  
And flashing from a thousand brazen spears.

The night advances. \*Chasquis, swift of foot,  
Report an army coming up the pass,  
Bearing old Cuzco's banners in the van,  
With king Yupanqui's favorite in command,  
The dreaded Huan.

\* Messengers.

Then Rocca and his hosts  
Led on by chief Huascar, brave and wise,  
Marched boldly forth to meet the veterans,  
The famous fighting men of Cuzco's king.  
Swiftly and silently they hastened on  
To reach the chosen ground, a narrow gorge,  
With thickly wooded hills on either hand.  
Huascar called a halt, and thus announced  
The order of the battle :

“ Huan attacks

Most fiercely at one point, with all his strength.  
To meet his onset, we in solid ranks  
Will post ourselves across his only path,  
While reaching forward on the right and left,  
Our bowmen we will plant, ten thousand strong,  
Each with a hundred arrows, brazen tipped,  
All safely hidden in the friendly wood,  
And when the battle opens in the front,  
We'll hurl upon them such a furious blast  
Of deadly bolts, that they must needs be brave,  
Who hold their ground in such a raging storm ;  
While in the bloody struggle with the lance,  
Our weapons are as good, our arms as strong,  
As any faithless Cuzco can oppose.



Our hearts are burning with a holy fire,  
Which centuries of wrong have kept aglow,  
And who can falter in the coming fray,  
When our beloved Rocca leads the way ! ”

The waning moon revealed each sheltered nook  
And vantage ground, and when the bowmen strong  
Had been disposed by old Huascar’s craft,  
And all the spearmen had their posts assigned,  
They lay then down in silence on their arms,  
To wait for sunlight, and the coming foe.

## THE BATTLE.



UP came the sun. The waiting warriors bowed  
In silent prayer, to him whose glorious  
light

With beauty clothed the earth.

The priests stood up,  
And of the shining deity invoked  
His godly aid. Then all the host was still.

On came the enemy. Their spears like maize tips  
Waving in the wind, swayed right and left,  
Obedient to the soldiers swinging step ;  
Now quick as if the earth had cast them up,  
The hosts of Rocca stood in solid mass,  
Confronting with a grim and silent strength,  
The veteran army of a conquering chief.  
Then Huan, with his captains, called a halt,  
And pushing to the front to scan his foes,  
Burst forth with loud derisive laugh, and cried :  
“ Behold old Tambotoco’s valiant sons !  
I had some fear that we should lack employ,

But these assembled tillers of the earth,  
Will give us exercise, if they but stand  
Till we have stained our weapons with their blood,  
Then we will leave their bodies to the birds,  
And hasten onward to the ancient halls,  
Where we will sup most royally to-night,  
With appetites as sharp as our good spears ;  
The virgins of the sun shall fill our cups,  
Those golden cups, old Cupo's ancient boast,  
And princes of the blood shall serve the feast."

In angry silence Tambotoco heard  
The taunting words that Huan shouted out,  
Then all eyes sought the prince. With his stout  
lance  
He boldly sallied forth, then turned him round,  
Facing his comrades, back toward the foe,  
And struggling with his mighty wrath, he said :  
" Companions, brothers, if you needed words  
To kindle in your hearts a fiercer flame,  
Than that which burns and animates you now,  
The sacrilegious speech you all have heard  
Would far out-weigh my most impassioned words.  
Oh, Father, if I had a thousand lives,

And each as precious as the one I have,  
All would I fling into this deadly strife,  
Nor cease while yet an arm remained to strike."  
Then turning on the foe, he cried aloud :  
"Forward with lance." And then a cry went up,  
A fierce wild cry from many thousand throats,  
As with a mighty rush from either side,  
The warriors met with maddening clash of arms.  
Then midst the shouts and shrieks, were deathly  
moans,

The ground was shaken by the struggling feet,  
As back and forth the battling armies swayed.  
Rocca, now in the thickest of the fight,  
Soon, face to face, encountered great Chimpò,  
The famous chief, who fought with brazen mace.  
Over and around the chieftain's head  
The heavy weapon whirled, its bristling spikes  
Besmeared with gory clots.

With eager haste

He aimed to crush the youth at one great blow,  
And raised his weapon high, when swift as light  
His arm was pierced by Rocca's brazen lance ;  
The heavy mace fell harmless to the ground.  
Then Rocca wrenched his dripping weapon forth,

And plunged it in the wounded giant's breast.  
Huan, whose eye had followed Rocca's course,  
Marked sturdy Chimpó's fall, and mad with rage,  
He cried aloud, "Bring Chimu Titu here."  
Then came the hero of a hundred fights,  
His hands and lance all red, his garments stained,  
His glaring eye his savage mood bespoke.  
"Go stay that mad youth's course, for he hath slain  
The noble Chimpó. Be thou wary, Titu,  
Lest the reckless fury of the boy  
May gain advantage o'er thy greater strength."  
"If thou dost fear that Titu may not stand  
Before that heedless youth, another call,  
While I seek worthier foes."

"Nay, fearless Titu,  
Scorn not the hand that struck great Chimpó  
down,  
Mark how he lays about him, hasten, Titu."  
Then Titu rushed upon the fighting youth,  
As some great beast descends upon its prey;  
But Rocca saw the veteran warrior's charge,  
And ere they closed together, hurled his lance  
Straight for great Titu's crest. The metal sank  
Deep in the forehead of the mighty chief,

And down he fell, a senseless mass of flesh.  
Huan amazed, saw Rocca seize his lance,  
And once again rush madly on his foes,  
While all around, fiercely the battle raged,  
As if the gods themselves were up in arms  
And fighting with his foes. Before his eyes  
Lay thick around him, prone upon the ground,  
His dying chieftains, all his mighty men.  
Then Huan called his messenger, and cried :  
" Bid Uchu come, and bring up all his force ;  
Haste, or the day is lost ! "

Swift as the wind

The plumed Chasqui sped through wood and field,  
Seeking the strong reserve, with whose fresh  
strength

Huan had thought to turn the tide of war,  
Then unopposed, march to the city gates  
With waving banners, and with sounding horns.  
But as he pushed his perilous way among  
The hurrying throngs, and ever flying darts,  
He came upon the field where Uchu's force  
Had waited for their chief to call them up.  
Alas for Cuzco ! All the ground was strown  
With bleeding warriors, pierced with brazen darts.

Backward he fled, across the crimson field,  
And stood before his chief, in mute dismay.  
“Why comes not Uchu, speak, didst find his  
band?”

“All whom the arrows have not pierced have fled,  
Uchu is slain, I saw him on the field  
Amid his noble comrades, stark and still,  
All pierced with arrows.”

“All is lost!” said Huan,  
“This day of shame will rouse Yupanqui’s wrath,  
And blacken in his eyes our brightest deeds.”  
While Huan spoke, came Rocca for him stright,  
Opening a pathway with his reeking lance,  
Fiercely he strove to reach the hated chief,  
Then charged upon him with a furious thrust ;  
But Huan struck aside the bloody bronze,  
And grappling with the youth with giant strength,  
He bore him to the ground.

“Bind him with cords,  
All is not lost if we but get this boy  
In safety hence. This shall appease the king.  
Now sound the horns, and turn our warriors back,  
For we must gather up our scattered bands,  
And hasten homeward with this captive prince.”

Heroic Rocca, all alone in bonds,  
Strode proudly on amid his armed guard,  
His heart exultant and his mind elate ;  
He saw the peril to his country passed,  
Her foes in flight or dead upon the field,  
Himself a victor, though a prisoner ;  
No thought of fear oppressed his buoyant heart,  
His bonds he heeded not, but lost in thought,  
He all unconscious, gave his musings words :  
“ Why should not Cuzco’s power be overthrown,  
And in the place of that career of blood,  
A reign of peace and justice be enthroned ? ”  
His guardsmen heard, and said with voices hushed,  
“ We daily pray the gods it might be so.”  
“ Art thou a prince ? ” the foremost guardsman  
said.  
“ Aye, friends, a prince and yet thy prisoner.”  
“ When thou art free — which may the gods  
permit —  
Come thou again to us and be our king,  
For we are sore oppressed ! ”  
“ Bate not your prayers,  
The gods will hear you yet and lift you up ;  
They cannot suffer this great wrong to last.”



And then a vision such as youth can dream,  
Enwrapt his mind in gorgeous imagery ;  
The ancient palaces of Cuzco rose  
In stately majesty before his eyes,  
A youthful monarch sat in kingly state  
Upon a golden seat, and by his side  
A lovely bride, a beauteous Coya sat,  
While gathered round him in the noble halls,  
Were royal governors of distant states ;  
Their only strife was friendly rivalry,  
In doing honor to their lord and king ;  
The yellow fillet which adorned his brow,  
Proclaimed him Tombotoco's chosen prince.  
Thus dreamed the noble youth as he marched on,  
Unmindful of the toils that hedged him round.

At night the army rested. Huan called  
Topa, the one he trusted most, and said :  
"Of what portent dost find the soldiers speech ?  
Is't but the muttered plaint of hardship borne,  
Or is there danger in't ? Their faces speak  
The rankest treason, if I con them right."  
"Thy judgment is most true, they love thee not,  
And boldly threat the king with violence."

"They love me not, good Topa, that I know,  
But they shall fear me ! Did'st thou hear them say  
Whom they would lift to great Yupanqui's seat,  
When they have pulled him down ? Who thinkest  
thou

Will wear the Llautu, when Yupanqui falls ? "

"Master, I know not, the princes all are slain ;  
Thou art thyself the greatest, next the king,  
But not of royal blood."

"It matters not,  
The weak hand of a girl shall lift me up,  
To that proud seat Yupanqui sits upon.  
Dost thou remember, Topa, when we fought  
The Yuncas, pushed them straight adown the hills,  
And slaughtered them upon their own hot plains?  
'Twas then the king, rejoicing, promised me  
The little princess Nusta, for my wife,  
And she shall serve me, Topa, in good time."  
"Will not this failure count against thy schemes ?"  
"Fear not for me, good friend, the weak man  
sinks

When storms arise, the strong withstands the blast,  
And gathers profit from the general wrack."

## CUZCO.



CONFUSION reigned in Cuzco. Swift  
messengers

Spread wide the story of the bloody field,  
And king and court with lamentations loud,  
Bewailed the direful loss.

The chanting priests  
Prayed to the gods, and pierced their flesh with  
thorns.

At length the bruised and bleeding soldiery  
Came straggling homeward, wearily and wan,  
A wretched remnant of the brave array,  
That marched so gaily forth but yesterday.

In gloomy state the king and Huan met,  
While eager eyes looked on, hoping to catch  
Some look or word in which a gleam of light  
Might give their fears relief.

“Oh, noble Huan,”  
Said the king, “can this sad tale be true?  
Hath feeble Tombotoco power to strike,

The life from out the heart of warlike Cuzco ?  
Was all the blood that won from grand Chimu  
His fairest provinces, poured out in vain ?  
Hath honor fled ? Is Huan's valor lost,  
That we are beaten thus ? Beaten, aye worse,  
For, while we mourn, our enemy exults !"  
Huan's dark face grew darker as he spoke :  
" When homeward comes the soldier who hath won  
New fields for Cuzco, then Yupanqui smiles,  
And fondly calls him most endearing names ;  
Even the Coya adds her gracious words,  
And beams upon him with her lovely eyes,  
While all the court extol the victor's name ;  
But, when misfortune comes, as come it will,  
Sending the bleeding hero home with wounds,  
For all his striving and most grievous toil,  
For all the peril he hath bravely met,  
He meets averted eyes and cruel speech,  
His every act is set down as a fault,  
His deeds are counted naught."

    " Thy pardon, Huan ?

I speak my disappointment, I had thought  
To see thee homeward come with blare of horns,  
With captured thousands, and a generous train

Of Llamas, laden with a city's spoils.  
But beaten, Oh, the import of that word !  
I, the aggressor, scourged and beaten back.  
The scorpion foiled, strikes madly his own life,  
So warlike enterprise, that meets defeat,  
Brings back, besides its woeful roll of death,  
Its own engorged venom to itself."

"Then, lest the scorpion's sorry fate be thine,  
Arouse, and pluck the smarting sting away,  
To hurl again upon thy enemy,  
With strength to pierce his heart."

"Huan, I will,

If Inti frown not on our new assault.  
But how may we equip a force so great,  
In face of this defeat ? I know thee wise,  
And do beseech thy council, noble friend."  
"Then listen master, while I offer thee,  
For thine approval, plans that have grown up  
Within my mind, while sadly marching home.  
But first let all the knowledge of our state  
Burden thine ears. One weighty gain is ours ;  
I have with me a prisoner, a young prince,  
Who fought as if the gods did urge him on  
To him alone we owe our direful loss ;

Both Chimpo and great Chimu Titu fell  
By his own hand, before my wondering eyes ;  
Whether it better be, he die at once,  
Shall be determined by the royal will.  
One cause of our mishaps to be o'er borne,  
Is discontent, wide spread and insolent.  
A city's pillage would have much appeased  
The temper of the army, wanting this,  
Our care must be to guard against revolt.  
I do intend, from my mine own provinces,  
To bring an army forth, as great as thine,  
And with such force as thou can'st gather up,  
Make speedy end of our late enemies.  
Now mark, before our armies march again,  
I must possess thy daughter, princess Nusta.  
Now is the time most opportune and fit,  
To make thy promise good. 'Twill fill the ears  
Of plotters with new sounds, to check the course  
Of those hushed notes of mischief, now so rife,  
That joy may chase away the present gloom,  
Let such festivities be now ordained  
As shall engage the people pleasantly,  
And thus divert them from those dangerous  
thoughts,

That grow up in men's minds like noxious weeds,  
Proclaim the fact throughout the provinces.  
Fair Nusta's hand shall be my recompense.  
The festal season shall most fitly mark,  
Thy daughter's marriage, and most happily  
Dispose the people to obedience."

"But Huan, thou art not of royal blood,  
And Nusta is a daughter of the Sun,  
To wed her were gross sacrilege. Her love,  
The only joy I know, I cannot lose ;  
Put by thy purpose friend, it cannot be."

"Then let the cloud that rests above thy head,  
Break forth, and drive thee hence a fugitive ;  
For I alone can stay the gathering storm,  
But will not, if thou hold not to thy word."

"Once more, good Huan, thy pardon I invoke,  
Thou hast my word, and Nusta shall be thine,  
And that our preparations may not lag,  
I will acquaint her of our conference,  
That she make ready for the great event ;  
And so, brave Huan, when all plans are ripe,  
We will embark in this new enterprise.  
Now call the nobles to the judgment hall,  
And bring thy prisoner in, I will attend."

The king of Cuzco and high councillors,  
Were seated in the ancient hall of state.  
At stern Yupanqui's feet, in lovely pose,  
The pride of all the court, young Nusta sat,  
Unconscious of the power of her dark eyes,  
More potent than the armies of the king.  
How helpless yet how strong !

The trumpet sounds !

Through the wide hall the armed guard advanced,  
And in their midst marched Rocca, straight and  
tall.

With head erect he gazed upon the court,  
Who silently returned his scrutiny ;  
At length his glance fell on the lovely face,  
That gazed upon him from Yupanqui's feet,  
A look of admiration lit his eyes,  
And then he quickly raised his princely cap,  
And with its plumed crest he swept the ground,  
As he with noble deference bowed him down.  
With jealous anger, Huan saw the act,  
And marked with rage, the radiant blushing face  
With which the princess met young Rocca's glance.  
" Prostrate thyself before the king," he cried,  
" This is the court of Cuzco, know'st it not ? "



"Crouch thou, ignoble chief, it were most fit,  
The son of Manco Capac stands erect!"

"Down with him, guards!"

"Nay, Huan," said the king,  
And as he spoke he smiled upon the youth,  
"He is our guest per force, and must be heard.  
Tell me, discourteous youth, what name is thine,  
And what thy station in thy city old?"

"My name is Rocca, and a soldier I."

"Why dost thou wear the fillet of the heir?"

"Because the king himself did bind it on."

"What will thy people for thy ransom give?"

"As many arrows as thou'll stay to take."

"Cuzco destroys those dangerous to her peace."

"When did our country offer war to thee?"

"Are not thy hands red with our dearest blood?  
Did'st thou not slay Chimpo and Titu brave?"

"Were Chimpo's hands unstained, were Titu's  
clean?"

"We slay our foes, we load our friends with gifts."

"And would'st thou battle with our hosts again?"

"Aye, when they come with murder in their hearts,  
By savage Huan led, then all as one,  
Grandsire, sire, and son, will rush to arms,

And overmatch thee in thy bloody trade !”  
“Thou dost but trifle with thy life, bold youth,  
If thou hold'st to this temper thou must die.”  
“Do what thou wilt, I have no fear of thee.”  
“Remove him, guards !”

“Now my wise councillors,  
I do believe this saucy, fighting prince  
Will prove a dangerous neighbor if he lives ;  
The straitened bounds that hedge old Cupo in,  
All all too narrow for this restless youth ;  
T'were pity that so proud a head should fall,  
But duty to ourselves directs the blow ;  
And therefore I decree, with your consent,  
Lest some unseen event should set him free,  
That with to-morrow's sun he be dispatched.”

The court withdrew, and left the king alone  
With Nusta. She threw herself upon his breast,  
And, while her tears upon his mantle rained,  
She plead with all the power of filial love,  
For the young stranger's life.

“Save him !” she cried,  
“Shed not his blood ! He is too great and good  
Oh, would that Cuzco had such noble sons !

He hath the beauty of a youthful maid,  
While on his brow a noble manliness  
Doth put to shame those chiefs, whose bloody craft  
Brings naught but ill to thee. Oh, spare the  
youth ! ”

“ Peace, child. You are too young to know  
The stern necessities of government.  
'Tis for the nation's good this prince must die,  
'Tis for the nation's good that thou must wed.”  
Then springing from his arms with eyes ablaze,  
She bounded to her feet. “ What dost thou say ?  
That I must wed to serve some scheme of state.  
Alas, alas, what evil days have come ! ”  
“ Be calm, my child, I wish to honor thee,  
The greatest one at court, Huan, the brave,  
Doth sue for thee.”

“ Father, is this thy will ?  
And canst thou hold the favor of this chief,  
Greater than all the love thou hast for me ?  
Canst thrust me forth from these beloved halls,  
That he may join you in more wretched wars ?  
For Huan, all your noble sons have fallen,  
For restless Huan, rivers have run red,  
For Huan, this brave prince must lose his life,

For Huan, I am doomed to worse than death,  
For death were joy to his polluting touch."  
"Dost doubt my love, Oh, daughter I am grieved,  
That thou should'st doubt my wisdom or my love,  
This pretty, boyish prince, with his fine airs,  
Hath turned thy girlish head. These young  
conceits

Are like the unstable light of sunlit clouds,  
Changing their form and hue with every breeze,  
Now white, now black, now flashing ruby red,  
While wisdom, which alone belongs to age,  
Like the strong light of the effulgent sun,  
Doth pierce and scatter all the clouds of doubt,  
Unreasoning fancies, and obscuring fogs ;  
And now most weighty matters claim my care,  
To-morrow I have much to say to thee.  
Think with more favor on the noble chief,  
He doth regard thee with a tender love,  
His fierceness, which affrights thee, is for foes,  
He is most gentle with his many friends.  
Now peace be with thee, child."

Like graven stone

The princess stood, with wide extended eyes,  
Her brain on fire with hot rebellious blood.

She thought but of escape. Whether to fly  
And hide herself in some obscure retreat,  
Or plunge within the all-devouring flood,  
And end that little life they would pollute,  
Were thoughts that flashed across her laboring  
mind.

The heavy burden of her new-found woes  
She cast on Huan's head. Would to the gods  
That some bright champion of right would come ;  
Would that the captive prince might be released,  
And live to meet this monster in fair fight,  
And smite him to the earth with his bright lance.  
Quick resolution leapt into her eyes,  
And in her reckless passion, loud she cried :  
" He shall be free ! " Then swiftly from the hall  
She fled, and ere she stayed her flight, she gained  
That dark and dismal pile, the prison house.  
The prison keeper, Ayar, marvelled much  
To see the fair young princess at his gate.  
" Good Ayar, wilt thou serve me ? " said the maid.  
" Aye, gladly will I serve thee, Cuzco's pride."  
" But wilt thou do an act, though just and right,  
That may subject thee to a penalty ? "  
" Tell me the service thou would'st have me do,

If not dishonoring, I will not flinch."

"I wish the captive prince to be released,  
And thou alone can set the prisoner free."

"Set free! It cannot be, beloved one,

My life were forfeit if by any chance

He pass, while yet alive, from out these walls."

"Canst thou not put some culprit in his place?"

"Where is the culprit of the prince's mould?

The noble Huan would detect the fault."

"Go thou then with the prince and leave thy post,

Thou shalt be well rewarded for the act."

"Tempt me no more, sweet princess, lest I yield,

And bring myself, and even thee, to shame,

No, no, it cannot be, I must be true."

"Go with me then, good Ayar, to the prince,

That he may move thee, I beseech thee, Ayar."

Young Rocca, in his shadowy prison cell,

Strode back and forth, his eyes cast down in

thought,

The princess entering, he turned him round,

And with a rare and sunny smile, he said :

"'Twas not a dream then, maiden, thou art flesh."

"This is the princess Nusta," Ayar said.

"In such a presence, welcome these dark walls."

"Alas, alas!" said Nusta, "thou art doomed,  
They have resolved upon thy death at dawn."

"A sombre message this, from such sweet lips,  
And by the sadness in thy youthful eyes,  
I judge that sweet compassion moveth thee."

"I wish good Ayar here, to set thee free,  
And have besought him to unlock the gates;  
Wilt add thy weighty speech to my poor words,  
That all his scruples may be over-borne?"

"Alas, he cannot, he would then be false;  
Grieve not, sweet princess, I am full of joy,  
To speak with thee, and look within thine eyes,  
And will not cavil at my coming fate,  
Since I am blessed with thy dear condolence;  
Nay, do not weep, for I am but a moth,  
That flutters for a moment in the flame,  
Then drops and dies, to be a moment missed,  
But if I could escape from this enthrall,  
With life to live, I'd be thy lover, maiden,  
And life were sweet with thee. Nay, do not weep

so,

Thy tears distress me, I shall be unmanned,  
And I have need of all my stubborn strength

To meet thy royal father's messengers,  
Who come to greet me at the coming dawn."  
"Alas, I do not weep for thee alone,  
To die like thee were better than to live  
The life in store for me, though I protest,  
That I did earnestly beseech the king  
To set thee free, before he did announce  
To me, his daughter, whom he claims to love,  
That he to blood-stained Huan had given pledge,  
That I should speedily become his wife ;  
'Twas then I prayed the gods for some strong  
hand,  
Some noble heart, as great and brave as thine,  
To grapple with this monster of the hills,  
And rid the world of his accursed life."  
"'Tis now these bonds do pinch and gall the flesh,  
Would that my will could burst these solid walls,  
That I might meet again this savage chief,  
With my good weapon I would stand or fall,  
And live or die for princess Nusta's love!  
Thou owest me naught of love or duty, Ayar,  
I ask not for myself to be set free,  
But thou dost owe the princess all thy love,  
And she would have thee open wide the gates.



We both have heard her piteous tale of wrong,  
The king would give her up as recompense  
For Huan's bloody work, Oh, shameful act,  
As he would cast a bleating llama's kid,  
To glut the hungry maw of some wild beast.  
God of the sky! and can we suffer this,  
Can we permit this wrong to one so dear,  
When we have power to thwart them?

Come, good Ayar,

Now join with me and save this precious flower,  
The gods will aid and bless thee for the act."  
"Thou hast prevailed, I can but yield to thee,  
Till now I had the keeping of thy life,  
And now I cast my own upon thy hands,  
For I must join thy cause and with thee fly,  
But how wilt thou the princess Nusta aid?  
She will be prisoned in the \*Aclahuasa,  
When it is known that she hath wandered here,  
There to remain in strictest watch and guard,  
Until the dreaded Huan claims her hand;  
Therefore to save her she must go with us.  
I have a plan, though but this moment framed,  
That promiseth success. My mother old,

\* House of the Virgins of the Sun.

A worthy dame, shall be with Nusta sent,  
In covered litters, hence by any road  
That leads from Cuzco, which so ere they choose,  
And lest she may be seen and recognized,  
The princess shall above her robes put on  
The outer habit of a serving maid,  
Attendant on the dame, and, thus disguised,  
She can with safety go. Now whither, Nusta?  
For we must quickly act, or all is lost.”  
“No, no, I cannot go,” the princess moaned,  
“To leave my home and go I know not where,  
An exile and a fugitive like those  
Who flee from justice, waiting with her lash,  
To scourge the culprit for his deeds of shame.  
Oh, I am mad to flee from all I love,  
My faithful friends who wait upon my word,  
My royal father, most unhappy king,  
No, no, I cannot go, I will return,  
And seek forgiveness of my loving sire!”  
“Did’st come to mock me? I had been content  
To meet the fate my captors had ordained,  
But thou hast roused a new desire to live,  
And hath revealed how great the loss to die.  
Oh fie, but no, I will not chide thee, child,

For thou canst be no other than thou art,  
All truth, all sweetness, and all tenderness,  
Awakening love, as winds do stir the waves.  
Now list to him who loves thee, beauteous maid,  
And who would fight for thee unto the death,  
Go thou not back to Huan or the king,  
But with the dame, to my own city go ;  
Take thou this fillet, which now binds my brow,  
And when within the ancient city gates,  
Seek thou my mother, princess Ceboca,  
Give her this token from her loving son,  
And she will take thee to her inmost heart."  
"It shall be so, brave Rocca, I will go,  
I know I could not scape the favorite chief  
If I return, but what of thine own self ?  
If Huan's swift pursuers capture thee,  
And bring thee back again, thy death is sure,  
Then I should see thy mother's tears, and add  
My own, to swell the flowing tide of grief."  
"Now fear not, little bird, we shall not fail,  
For lest the guards should foil us, we will wait  
Till friendly night hath robbed them of their eyes,  
And then, disguised as one of Huan's chiefs,  
I will with Ayar leave these prison walls,

And when we reach the outer city gates,  
If our good wits should fail to pass us on,  
A golden gift will move the stoutest bars ;  
Then all is safe, for we will follow thee,  
And guard thee from pursuit, until we meet  
Our own good friends, whom I do hope to see  
Before the morning of the second day."

Resplendent o'er the rugged mountain heights,  
Bright morning lifted up her blushing face,  
And lit the valley with her welcome light.  
The birds awakening, now burst forth in song,  
Filling the air with sweet melodious notes,  
To greet the coming of the all-bright sun.  
Unmindful of the gladdening voice of morn,  
The uncouth headsmen marched towards the cell,  
Where Rocca had been locked but yesterday,  
With noisy calls to rouse the keeper up,  
They shouted out : " Now bring the prisoner forth,  
The lad hath need of our good services !  
Ayar ! Rouse thee ! The prince's head or thine  
Must be this morn presented to the king !"  
With rattling arms and rude conceits of speech,  
They gain the keeper's lodge, and prisoner's cel',

But all is silent, vacant, and unbarred.  
"Back to the palace, quick, Ayar is false!"  
The foremost headsman cried, "seek Huan thou,  
And I will be the bearer of the tale  
To the high councillors and to the king!  
More heads than one shall fall for this offence,  
Or I do lack the gift of prophecy.  
Now haste ye, comrades, let the truth be known!"

The sounds of wailing filled the palace halls,  
For princess Nusta, dearly loved, was gone;  
The maidens wept, and mourned as for the dead,  
The solemn priests chanted their dolorous prayers,  
The evil days had come, and all were sad,  
Now supplicating, now the gods upbraiding,  
The king bewailed his loss in changing moods,  
While ever flowed his hot and swollen eyes;  
"Can there be greater evil yet?" he cried,  
"And what a hungry, envious beast is war,  
To swallow up the bravest and the best,  
And turn to gall the honeyed sweets of love;  
Oh, wretched is that life whence joy hath fled,  
And cankering wounds alone engross the thought,  
To see our dearest efforts end in shame,

Our schemes o'er thrown, enemies bolder grown,  
Days without peace, and nights without repose,  
Friends turning cold, aye, many cold in death,  
Yet colder than the dead, are friends estranged,  
All this and other ills not yet complete,  
Do but destroy our inborn love of life,  
And make most welcome that which endeth all ;  
Oh Nusta, Nusta, why didst thou rebel  
Against the wisdom of my just commands,  
And with the rashness of unreasoning youth,  
Flee from that love which beams upon thy head,  
As doth the sunlight on the tender flower ;  
Oh Huan, I am grieved and like a child."  
"Can great Yupanqui sink to childish grief ?  
A fractious maiden would not move me so,  
It gives me joy to curb the wayward will,  
And bring young pride to strict obedience."  
"Thou hast the Armadillo's skin, good Huan,  
Rough war hath blunted thee to finer sense,  
And that which pierces me thou canst not feel,  
My heart is like to a deserted house,  
Deep scarred and scored by those who dwelt  
therein,  
A heap of ash, where once burned cheering fires,

No answering voices from its chambers come,  
Naught save the hollow echo of my voice."

"Nay, cheer up master, all will yet be well,  
The fleeting princess shall return to thee,  
And beg thy pardon for her grievous fault."

"Alas, good friend, it is from thee she flies,  
Rather than wed thee she would end her life ;

Oh Huan, we are crushed by angered gods,  
Wherein have we offended? Ho ! answer me,  
Ye chattering priests, why art so profitless  
Thy prayers to Inti and Pachacamac ?

How is it that high heaven permits these ills ?  
Hast thou no offerings to appease the gods,  
And win again the smiles they once bestowed?"

"Oh king, look on our bodies pinched with fast,  
Look on our breasts bleeding with self-made  
wounds !

We have not ceased to pray the gods supreme,  
And all the deities that people heaven ;  
But when the gods in anger turn away,  
Of what avail are prayers to closed ears ?  
If thou wouldst know why heaven doth frown on  
thee,

And cannot find the reason in thy heart,

Let Hilpa, the blind Mama Cuni come,  
Hilpa the good, who daily talks with gods,  
Immortal wisdom blossoms in her words,  
She speaks as if from heaven descended." "Go,  
And bring the sacred virgin," said the king,  
"I pray she may dispel the gathering clouds!"

The priestess came with slow and solemn step,  
Her face was thin, but beautiful and fair,  
Her hair hung loose and long, and dark as night,  
Over her robe of white vicuni wool,  
Which from her shoulders hung in graceful lines,  
And fell in folds about her sandalled feet.  
She stood awhile, her head bowed down in thought,  
Then, lifting up her face and sightless eyes,  
She raised her hand, and pointing to the king,  
Spake thus, amid the silence of the court :  
*"To give thee joy, shall Inti scourge the land,  
Shall widows weep, and helpless children pine!  
Shall godly favors aid thy crimson hand?  
Inti hath other sons than thee or thine!"*  
The priestess turned about and backward strode,  
While king Yupanqui gazed with strained eyes  
Upon the spot where she had passed from sight.



Huan brake silence, saying : " Do not heed  
These words of hers, Hilpa is crazed,  
Her voice is as the sounding waterfall."  
The king spake not, but still gazed eagerly,  
As if some vision held his sense entranced,  
Then rising up, a vacant, troubled look  
Came in his eyes, as he moved falteringly,  
Like one wrapt in the thralldom of a dream.  
" The king is mad ! " cried Huan, " take him hence,  
Until his fleeting reason doth return,  
I, his chief officer, will act for him.  
First let us find the princess, help me, friends,  
That we may bring the rash young maiden back ;  
No healer's art can rouse the stricken king  
Like his loved Nusta's presence. Now I go,  
And come not back without the one he mourns ! "

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## THE FLIGHT.



**T**HE morning of the third day shed its light  
On rock and tree, and o'er the stately road  
That stretched across the rough and broken  
land,

A level pavement, all of well-wrought stone,  
Built upon firm foundations, deep and strong,  
With massive walls, raised high on either hand.  
Along the ancient road young Nusta passed,  
In humble guise, as servant to the dame,  
In covered litter swiftly borne along,  
By strong-limbed bearers, chanting as they ran :

“ Onward ho, — onward ho, —  
Gently ho, — steadily,  
Light is our burden, ho, —  
See, the morn is bright. .

“ Fail not ho, — quail not ho, —  
Up the hill, — readily,  
Rest we ho, — sweetly ho, —  
In the silent night.”

The song ceased quickly, as the leader cried :  
“Halt, comrades, halt, behold an army comes !  
Back to the \*tambo, there in safety rest,  
Till danger passeth by, then on again.”

Rocca, as supple as the mountain stag,  
While Ayar rested, climbed the highest hills,  
And from their crests, with keen-eyed scrutiny,  
Scanned the long reaches of the winding road,  
Hoping to see the coming of his friends,  
Fearing that foes might be in close pursuit.  
See, on that southern hill, a long dark line,  
Is it the distant foliage ? no, it moves,  
It is the enemy. Then his stout heart  
Leapt, like a wild thing caged, within his breast.  
“Oh Inti, help me !” Rocca cried aloud,  
“To save my Nusta from base Huan’s grasp.”  
But hark ! A sound of horns bursts on his ear,  
Quickly he turns, and oh, the joyful sight,  
His own loved banners flutter on the hill !  
“Now thank the gods,” said Rocca, “once again  
Their loving care doth guard and succor us.”  
Then down upon the road he cast his eyes,

To watch the litters as they sped along ;  
He saw them stay their march and backward turn ;  
Then like the huanaco, down the hill  
He dashed from rock to rock in fearful leaps,  
Gaining the road, he bounded o'er the wall,  
And stood before the train. "Back, back !" he  
cried,  
"These are our friends, now let your burdens  
down,  
And stand in waiting yonder, till called up.  
Now praise the gods, sweet princess, thou art safe,  
My brothers are approaching, fear no more,  
The hosts of Huan, which do follow us,  
Shall flee before us like a frightened herd ;  
But thou art trembling, and thy face is white,  
And tears are flowing from thy wondrous eyes.  
Dost fear that Rocca may be over-borne,  
When Huan meets us in the coming strife ?  
Now be thou strong and brave, fear not for me,  
For when I strike for thee, my blows shall fall  
Like lightning strokes that rend the forest trees,  
This arm that now doth clasp thy form about,  
Shall gain a giant's strength from this embrace,  
For he who loves and is not thrice the man,

Loveth not Nusta, nor hath Rocca's love."  
"Oh noble Rocca, canst thou not escape,  
Must thou expose thy breast to Huan's lance?  
Alas, his deadly thrust may end thy life.  
Oh dreadful thought, that all thy glorious youth,  
With all its beauty, and that godlike mind,  
That prompts the gracious wisdom of thy words,  
Should be cast in the midst of deadly strife,  
To brave the perils of the bloody field;  
I know my feeble words can stay thee not,  
Therefore I pray great Inti be thy shield;  
If love can guard thy breast, thou art as safe  
As if defended by the stoutest wall,  
For thou hast more of it than thou canst know,  
It doth enwrap thee like a robe of light,  
And from its folds thou lookest in my eyes,  
Like Viracocha, come again to earth."  
"If love could shield the heart it doats upon,  
And hate's sharp arrows pierce its enemies,  
Then might we lay aside our arms of bronze,  
And fight our battles like the deathless gods;  
But woman's love, though it be measureless,  
Turns not the soldier's stubborn point aside,  
And he who wins the fight must needs be strong,

Must be all eyes, no serpent's tongue so quick,  
And he must still fight on, nor heed the pain,  
Though pricked and buffeted, and pricked again."  
"I can but pray for thee, if thou shouldst fall,  
If Nusta's love, and Rocca's strength shield not  
Thy noble heart, I too will follow straight ;  
The rain from out mine eyes will fall, until  
It grows a lake, to gulf and drown me in."  
"Stay, stay, my princess, look not on me so,  
Lest this sweet commerce, this unwonted joy,  
May steal away the power that I would gain,  
For I shall be too fond, and may forget  
The sterner duties that do compass us,  
But when the fight is o'er, if all is well,  
I'll wear the garment thou hast clothed me in,  
As proudly as the king his regal robes.  
Now bearers, to your posts, the army comes,  
Take up your burdens!"

Rocca rose and stood  
Before his friends, and when they saw his face  
They cried out : "Rocca ! Inca Rocca ! King !  
King Cupo lieth dead, thou art the king !"  
And then they gathered round their youthful lord,  
And heard the story of his perils passed,

And of the princess Nusta, Cuzco's pride,  
Whose courage saved him from the headsman's axe.  
And then he pointed to the blushing maid,  
Who sat upon the litter near at hand,  
"Behold fair Nusta, daughter of the king,  
Salute the princess, Rocca's promised bride!"  
The warriors bowed their faces to the ground,  
And gave the sign of loyalty and love,  
Due to the coya of the reigning prince ;  
These greetings past, the princess and the dame  
Were quickly borne beyond the arrows' flight.  
And then the stern-voiced captains' loud commands  
Resounded from the hills on either hand.  
Quickly the fighting men were so disposed,  
That they might hold the coming foe in check,  
Now fast approaching.

Rocca and his chiefs,  
Huascar in their midst, stood stern and grave,  
A stubborn bar to Huan's onward march.  
Foremost within the enemy's close ranks,  
Rocca beheld the plumes of Huan's crest,  
And then he grasped his lance with firmer grip,  
And touched the javelin upon his back,  
While hotly through his veins a torrent coursed,

That raised his warlike passion to a flame.

Now from the enemy's close ranks came forth  
A messenger, with signs of peace, low bowed  
He as he reached the spot where Rocca stood,  
And said : " My master greets thee ! He but seeks  
The king's young daughter, Nusta, who hath fled,  
If she be with thee, this is his command,  
That thou do safely place her in his charge,  
This done, he straight will turn his army back,  
And spare thee from that doom so justly thine !"  
Greater and stronger looked the youthful prince,  
As he with flashing eye and curling lip,  
Answered the messenger with rapid speech :  
" Go tell thy master, who the princess seeks,  
That she is safely guarded from his care,  
But if resolved to take the maiden back,  
He must needs take us captive, every one,  
Or o'er our bodies make himself a path,  
Before he wins the prize !"

                  " Most noble prince,  
I will repeat to Huan all thy words.  
Now pray thee listen : In the coming fight,  
Which cannot now be stayed or turned aside,



Let Huan and his nobles bear thy blows,  
We will not shield them, for we love them not ;  
But spare thou Cuzco's soldiers as thy friends,  
Who will not cast an arrow at thy ranks,  
Unless attacked. Rocca, if thou art wise,  
And wise thou art, and good as thou art wise,  
For goodly wisdom dwelleth in thy face,  
Oh come to us and we will lift thee up,  
And seat thee on the ancient golden throne.  
Long have the people bowed before the gods,  
Praying that they would raise them up a prince,  
Who would not turn away from the sad cries  
Of hungering, naked babes, but who would lift  
The heavy burdens from our galled necks,  
And bring back peace and plenty once again."  
" Thanks, gentle messenger, that thou art true,  
The silent witness of thy flowing eyes  
Doth give good proof, and if the gods so will  
That we restore the ancient dynasty,  
And once again unite the provinces  
In happy concord, let the gods have praise.  
Now speed thee back, good friend, to Huan's  
post,  
While we await his onset as we stand."

Soon Huan's force, which lined the road of stone,  
Divided in the midst, and leaped the walls,  
Then spreading wide asunder in the rear,  
Slowly advanced in backward sloping lines,  
While Huan and his nobles kept the road,  
And boldly charged upon their enemies.  
Rocca and his chiefs in warlike pose,  
Stood still and firm, waiting with beating hearts,  
Huascar's trumpet voice. A moment passed,  
A dreadful moment, when the rushing sound,  
The rumbling roar of swift approaching foes,  
Appals the brave, and shakes the solid earth.  
"Now," cried Huascar, "hurl your javelins!"  
Like winged lightning from a tempest cloud,  
The brazen darts flashed forth in gleaming lines,  
And then in Cuzco's ranks a cry was heard,  
"Hold comrades, hold! Our chieftain Huan  
falls!"

For Rocca's shaft with aim so true had sped,  
That Huan's sinewy neck was riven through,  
And falling on his back the upright staff  
Of Rocca's weapon, wedged within his flesh,  
Was shaken by the struggling, dying chief,  
While from the wound burst forth a crimson fount,

That flowed in purple rills along the ground.  
When Rocca saw the mighty warrior fall,  
He stayed the charge, while Huan's hosts stood  
still,  
In deep amazement at their leader's death.  
"Great Huan lieth dead!" the nobles cried,  
"Wherefore contend, we cannot serve him more,  
The gods are not with us, but with our foes,  
Why should we longer fight against high heaven?"  
Then Rocca's hosts upraised a joyful shout :  
"Huan is dead! By Rocca's weapon slain!  
All hail to Rocca! Inca Rocca! King!"  
And when the cheering notes had died away,  
The men of Cuzco threw aside their arms,  
And crowding to the front, all cried aloud :  
"All hail to Inca Rocca, Cuzco's king!"  
'Twas then the sun pierced through the heavy  
clouds,  
And cast a narrow beam on Rocca's form,  
Adding new glory to his glorious crest.  
"Behold, a sign!" burst from a thousand throats,  
"Great Inti marks him for his chosen Son!"  
Then Cuzco's nobles joined the soldiery,  
And cried out, "Inca Rocca, be thou king!"

Amid the joy that beamed from every face,  
Ceboca came to greet her glorious son,  
Stately and proud her step, her piercing eye,  
And softly curving lip, bespoke her blood.  
Linked to her arm, fair as a happy dream,  
Walked princess Nusta, Cuzco's pride and joy,  
Tall as the matron that she walked beside,  
Slight was her form, the perfect mould of youth,  
The fairest flower of the abounding earth,  
Her eyes scarce dry from tears of fear and doubt,  
Looked with fond eagerness upon her lord,  
Rocca had slain her enemy and was safe,  
He was her hero, Son of Inti, King !  
His presence filled the world, and all besides  
Was worthless, shadowy, and far away.  
Then Rocca took the maiden in his arms,  
And lightly placed her on the wall's broad top,  
Then leaping up, one hand he joined with hers,  
The other raised to still the murmuring throng,  
"If I am King, as by thy loving cries,  
And by great Inti's favor doth appear,  
Behold the Coya, Nusta, Cuzco's pride !"  
The gay caps of the thronging warriors,  
Were swiftly flung high in the air, and then

Like mighty winds the mingled voices rose,  
In joyful notes of greeting, long and loud,  
Which rose and fell again like rolling waves.  
The day was closed with feasting, song, and dance,  
And on the morrow, back to Cuzco's gates  
All bent their steps.

Joy reigned amid the hosts !

As winged seeds are lifted by the winds,  
And scattered fast and far o'er hill and dale,  
So sped with many an added wonderment,  
The story of the princess and the prince.  
The princess with those eyes so wonderful,  
Whose smile excelled the blushing light of morn,  
Whose teeth were like the young white grains of  
maize,  
Whose limbs were clasped by shining golden  
bands,  
Whose raiment matched the dyes of sunset clouds.  
The prince, so tall and strong, whose flying lance  
Had struck dark Huan lifeless to the earth,  
The prince that Inti clothed in shining light,  
The prince beloved by all the heavenly gods,  
Whose reign would bring the ancient glory back,  
And once more cover all the hills with corn.

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From mouth to mouth the glad tale winged its  
flight,  
Then slumbering hope awakened in each breast,  
At last the gods had given their pleadings heed.  
The toilers at the plow laid down their yokes,  
The quarrymen their brazen hammers dropt,  
The herdsmen left their flocks to graze alone,  
The metal workers ceased to ply their art,  
The maidens ceased to spin, for who could toil,  
Who felt their grievous burdens now unloosed,  
Their hearts were all too full for busy hands.

## THE MARCH TO CUZCO.



**A**S onward to the ancient capital,  
Rocca advanced with his late enemies,  
But now his loving friends, they gathered  
flowers

To strew before him as he journeyed on ;  
The gracious words he spoke were treasured up,  
And oft repeated after many years.  
Laden with blossoms, Nusta's litter passed,  
Borne on the shoulders of the soldiery,  
Who strove among themselves for leave to bear  
The star of Cuzco.

Joyously they marched,  
And from the country side the people came,  
In growing numbers as they passed along,  
Swelling the countless host, that centered round  
The youthful pair, on whom hung all their hopes,  
Their newly wakened hopes of bounteous peace.

When they approached the city of the kings,  
The gathering throng grew vast and numberless,

The road was spanned with floral wreaths, held up  
By slender cords from framework of green boughs.  
Then from the city came a numerous host,  
Bearing broad litters, crowned with golden seats,  
On these they sat the princess and the prince,  
And thus in regal state they bore them in,  
Through the thick masses of the populace,  
Through the broad gates and o'er the ancient  
bridge,  
And onward to the palace of the kings.

Within his chamber lay the king supine,  
Upon his couch of wool, and overspread  
With Cumbi cloth, bedecked with figures quaint,  
Inwoven by the Virgins of the Sun,  
In colors soft, of never fading dyes,  
And over all arose a canopy,  
Of finely braided grass, on bars of gold,  
Supported at the corners of the couch,  
By columns of pure silver, deftly wrought,  
In stalks and leaves of maize, with golden ears.  
Through the wide casement came, first murmuring  
sounds,  
Then swelling to a roar of countless tongues,



Resounded through the palace, rousing up  
The slumbering king.

Then louder came the cries :

“All hail to Inca Rocca! Cuzco’s King!”

Yupanqui turned him wearily, and spoke

In feeble tones to his attendant : “Whence

These cries of Inca Rocca, dost thou hear?”

“The princess hath returned, and with her  
comes

The captive prince.”

“Why comes she not to me ?

And why does Huan keep himself aloof ?”

“Huan was slain in battle by the prince,

And now the people all do call him king.

Behold, thy daughter and the prince approach.”

A flood of grief seized Nusta as she saw

Her stricken sire, and kneeling by his couch,

Hid in his mantle’s fold her streaming eyes,

And clasped her arms about his aged form ;

Long she continued thus, no words she spoke,

But sobbed in childish fondness on his breast.

At length the king called Rocca to his side,

“Dost call thyself the king of Cuzco? youth,”

He cried, "and dost thou come to claim my  
throne?"

"I come because the gods do point the way,  
Because the people call me Inca, King,  
And gather round me in a mighty host ;  
But more than for thy kingdom, I have come  
For love of Nusta, whom I hope to wed."  
Then said the king, in slow and trembling voice :  
"I am content, I am no longer king."  
And then he joined the lovers' hands and smiled,  
"'Tis well," he said, "and let the gods have praise,  
Now I am weary, go, and do thy will,  
The gods have spoken, and I am content."

## THE MARRIAGE.



LD Cuzco's walls, with banners gaily dressed,  
Looked down upon a scene of joyous life,  
The moving throng toward the temple  
pressed,

To gain the crowded front, in friendly strife,  
There to await with smiling eager eyes,  
The royal pair, to see them pass, all dressed  
In flowing marriage robes of ruby dyes,  
Bedecked with shining gems, with plumed crests,  
That capped their dark and flowing locks with  
white.

The trumpet sounds. Behold the pageant train  
Pass proudly by, laden with garlands bright ;  
Then melody, with loud exultant strain,  
Thrilled every breast, and in each heart awoke  
Fair visions of the coming days sublime,  
Of godly promise. For Rocca's weapon's stroke,  
That wondrous stroke, was by the gods divine  
Directed.

Through the temple's sacred gates,

Which none besides could enter, save the priests  
And sacred virgins, to the golden shrine,  
Now sprinkled with the blood of slaughtered  
beasts,

Rocca and Nusta passed, with naked feet,  
And as they humbly sank upon their knees,  
A flash of sunlight lit the fretted wall,  
From floor of ponderous stone to golden frieze,  
The kneeling figures, in their vestments bright,  
Bowed low, and to the gods each breathed a  
prayer,

Then lifting up their heads, Oh, wondrous  
sight !

A glowing crown of sunbeams rested there.  
The solemn priests, and virgins of the sun,  
As they beheld with awe the heavenly rays,  
Up rose, and with one voice of ecstasy,  
Burst forth in loud exultant songs of praise.  
The aged high-priest, whose white flowing hair,  
Down on his breast and white-robed shoulders  
streamed,

Stood up, and to the image raised his eyes,  
The golden sun that down upon him gleamed,  
With hands upraised, in invocation lost,


He stood, no movement made nor words he spoke,  
Then with deep reverence raised his trembling  
voice,  
And in hushed tones the solemn stillness broke :

“ God of the shining face,  
Father of kings,  
Scatter the heavy clouds,  
Give them swift wings.

“ Open thine ears to us  
While we bow down,  
Long have thy people wept  
Under thy frown.

“ Look on this favored son,  
Inti divine ;  
Son of a hundred kings,  
Is he not thine ?

“ Clothe him in wisdom's robes,  
Sandals of truth  
Put thou upon his feet ;  
Long save his youth.



"Let this thy daughter be  
Equal in name  
With Mama Oello,  
Equal in fame.

"Join them, great Sun and Moon,  
Father and Mother,  
In the strong bonds of love  
One with the other."

The lovers rose, then to the inner court,  
The place devoted to the mother white,  
To bow before the broad, bright silver shrine,  
Of Mama Quilla, goddess of the night,  
Who sends the rain to wet the thirsty ground,  
Who helps the springing seed to burst the earth,  
Who bringeth forth the ripe fruit of the fields,  
Who blesseth love, and ruleth over birth.  
Now, as with many blessings crowned, the twain  
Walked from the sacred temple of the gods,  
The loud voiced horns burst forth, and o'er their  
heads  
A canopy was raised on golden rods,  
And borne aloft by youths of noble birth,

Who proudly walked beside the wedded pair,  
O'er pathways thick with blossoms overspread,  
While trumpet sounds and greetings shook the air,  
With tasseled banners floating in the breeze,  
And led by many a white-robed chanting priest,  
They passed within the ancient banquet hall  
Of Cuzco's kings, to share the marriage feast.  
Softly sweet music floated through the hall,  
The poets sang their legendary lays,  
The wise Amautas tied the quippu knots,  
To mark this day of joy, brightest of days.

'Twas thus the years of Rocca's reign began,  
Those years so full of calm content and peace,  
Those years that saw again the empire's growth,  
That saw the Inca's goodly sway increased  
That heard again the songs of husbandmen,  
The merry-hearted tillers of the soil,  
That saw the terraced, rugged mountain slopes  
Yield up their store of fruits to willing toil,  
That heard the welcome sound of hammer strokes,  
Saw busy metal workers' fires ablaze,  
Saw in each valley granaries built up,  
And filled from floor to roof with yellow maize,

That saw the young men learning of the wise  
The mysteries of art.

                    The gods had sent  
Great blessings with those ever glorious days  
And years, so full of peace and calm content.





LINES TO MY JACK PLANE.

WRITTEN IN 1858.

Well, Jack, my lad, you're growing old,  
You bear the marks of age,  
Your story soon will all be told,  
But courage, Jack, you long shall hold  
A place on memory's page.

You've many a sad mark on your face,  
And bruise upon your front ;  
But in life's crowding, scrambling race,  
And ours had been no ambling pace,  
We've always borne the brunt.

We have had to rough it, you and I ;  
The work that we have done  
Hath worn us down a little, Jack,  
But those who follow in our track  
May glide more smoothly on.

What though in contact with the world,  
In pushing on, my lad,  
You are so scarred, and bruised, and worn,

And of your pristine beauty shorn ;  
Should these thoughts make you sad ?

'Tis only on the surface, Jack,  
You're sound, and clean at heart ;  
'Tis but the grosser sort of clay,  
That time doth from us wear away ;  
He leaves the better part.

Wouldst have thy shining youth again ?  
Nay, nay, no more would I.  
We ask not time to lead us back,  
But stoutly marching forward, Jack,  
We'll grant to age no sigh.

Then push along, my worthy friend.  
While life spins out its thread,  
There's little time for rest, or rust,  
Until the sentence, "dust to dust"  
Is written o'er thy bed.

## TIME FLIES.

Tell me, oh Time, thou bodiless enigma,  
How long hast thou thy twisted thread been  
    spinning ?

How many thousand, thousand, ages gone  
Have vanished into silence since the dawn  
When thou thyself, and all things, had beginning ?

Dost thou remember when this wrinkled earth  
Shone out a star, amid the clusters burning ?  
Didst note the moment of the young moon's birth,  
As from her laboring mother she burst forth,  
And thus began her endless rounds a-turning ?

Tell us these things, I pray. Do I offend ?  
I trust not, for I would but know the story  
Of matter, time and space, things without end ;  
For these we do not clearly comprehend,  
And thou must know, so wise thou art and hoary.

We fain would know when man first saw the light,  
And in what quarter Nature cast his lot ;  
And whether he was white, or black, or tawny,

Fair-featured, clean of limb, or big and brawny.  
And if he wore a hairy coat or not :

And how he fared in those old days romantic,  
Among the beasts that ruled by strength of jaw.  
And did he dig, or climb, in efforts frantic,  
To gain safe hiding from those shapes gigantic,  
And wage against them never-ending war ?

No answer cometh from thy viewless features,  
Then vain my efforts to possess thy treasure.  
Yet one more boon I ask thee : Wilt thou teach us  
To win from thee more years ? To short-lived  
creatures ;

Wilt grant a generous grace to thy short measure ?

Alas, thou heedeth not ! Thou hast no senses,  
Yet mighty is thy work, thy course sublime,  
Upbuilding and destroying, faltering never ;  
Great worlds thy toys, and man thy sport forever.  
No art can check, no power can stay thee, Time.

How doth the infant glide from love's endearments !  
Sweet childhood's fleeting days are quickly past ;  
Youth groweth gray, yet heedeth not until  
The ceaseless grinding of thy silent mill  
Brings whitened age, with faltering steps, at last.

Yes, whitened age, who pleadeth for delay ;  
But thou, oh Time, are dead to his appeal.  
Thou chilleth all his fingers while he clingeth  
To thy swift rolling rim, then wide thou flingeth  
Him as a clod from off thy flying wheel.

And who can guess what coming wonders wait  
To be engrossed on thy unfolding scroll !  
Will man forget his follies, and grow great  
In wisdom, and in virtue's high estate,  
As on and on the countless ages roll ?

So let us hope, and hoping, serve the Right ;  
Yet Wrong still holds her millions shackled fast,  
Groping in shadows, sunless as the night.  
Be thou our ally, Time ! Bring broader light,  
And chase forth error from the world at last.

## MORNING SONG.

Out in the East is the breaking dawn,  
    Gilding the clouds with a fan of light ;  
Backward rolling the gates of morn,  
    Piercing the shadows of drowsy night.  
Up with the lark for the sky is fair,  
    Sweetest the hour when the day is new ;  
Breathe ye, breathe ye, the morning air,  
    Scented with clover wet with the dew.  
Mark how the fragrance of morning floats  
    Up from the meadow, down from the hills,  
Hark ye, hark, to the wood bird notes ;  
    Vocal joy all the woodland fills.  
Brightly, brightly, the climbing sun,  
    Lights up the crests of the mountains hoar ;  
Flasheth up where the deep floods run ;  
    Flameth back from the boatman's oar.  
Light lies the mist on the dark browed pines,  
    Dripping and wet is the leafy way ;  
Dripping the mosses and trailing vines,  
    Waiting the heat of the full grown day.

*Shelburne, N. H.*

## RATTLE AND SQUEAK.

There are demons that lurk in your vehicle's gear,  
From Tophet escaped, armed with talon and beak ;  
They tear at the drum of the Sensitive Ear.  
These pestering fiends, known as Rattle and  
Squeak.

There are others, named Rumble, Buzz, Hum,  
Roar, and Clink,  
Whose joy is to agonize nerves that are weak ;  
But of all the foul imps to drive souls to the brink  
Of despair, none so vicious as Rattle and Squeak.

For many long years I have waged on them war,  
Have silenced them often with infinite toil ;  
I have stifled their voices with gum of Para,  
Have brained them with hammers and drowned  
them in oil ;  
I have held them imprisoned with bolts forged of  
steel,  
Have turned down the screws till their shackles  
were fast ;



And then I have felt as the victor must feel,  
When he cries to his foe, "You are conquered  
at last."

But vain are the fleeting achievements of man,  
And brief his exultings. In one little week  
Comes Pat with "The Missis she say, if ye can,  
Ye must stop that there 'orrible Rattle and  
Squeak!"

## BROTHERHOOD.

“Be just and fear not! Heed ye my command!  
The Mentor calls aloud, “I understand.”  
Replies the busy man, “Believe me, I shall heed  
Your mandate good; in truth there is great need  
That all should hear your words and mark them too.  
And if all heard and heeded as I do,  
What pleasure would we have. Each with the other,  
In all our dealings, — every man a brother.  
But truth to say, I have so much to think of  
In my affairs, I should be on the brink of  
Ruin, if I put much faith in others.  
Therefore, good friend, though all men *should* be  
brothers,  
In dealing with the world I find it best  
To serve myself alone, and let the rest  
Go their own gait to reach the winning post,  
And woe betide the lagging, *hindermost!*”

## SONG IN TWO VOICES.

*First Voice :*

What ! fair Felicia, still art dreaming ?  
Weaving the airy web of seeming ;  
What radiant light is on thee beaming,  
From days to come ?

Wilt tell me gentle maid, what wonders  
Of imagery, what magic numbers,  
Can thus engross thy waking slumbers  
Here all alone ?

Comes not there one bright image gliding  
Into thy thoughts and there abiding,  
Some knight who in thy heart is hiding  
In sanctuary ?

Still silent, and my rude advances  
Are met by sheaves of piercing lances,  
That flash forth in thy guarded glances.  
Why art so wary ?

*Second Voice :*

And wouldst thou lift the vail that covers,  
A maiden's heart where Fancy hovers ;  
Dost think, vain man, that dreams of lovers  
Alone possess her ?

Wouldst have my thoughts like harp strings  
sounding,  
Responsive to thy touch resounding ?  
Say, first, what's in thine own abounding.  
See ? Thy confessor !

*First Voice :*

Why, I do dream of wealth and station,  
Of deeds of lofty inspiration,  
Of honors that a grateful nation  
Doth cast before me.

Thus fondly musing, bubbles piling,  
In shining masses, care beguiling,  
I sit, now at my folly smiling,  
As sense comes o'er me.

And then, Ah then I dream, but listen !  
Of one whose eyes with love light glisten.

Of cheeks that blush and ears that listen  
To love's imploring.

Anon. my vision groweth stronger,  
The blushing maid is coy no longer,  
But now as wife, is fairer, fonder,  
Thus fancy soaring

Looks on a charmed sea, Felitia,  
A fairy bark to see, Felitia,  
Afloat with Thee and me Felitia ;  
The white sail swelling

As onward o'er the waves careering,  
The isle of bliss and beauty nearing,  
Behold the marble walls appearing,  
Of our fair dwelling.

*Second Voice.*

Oh ! how unblushing thy confession,  
How boldly man makes love's profession  
While woman guards the sweet possession,  
Nor asks to marry.

Yet I must frankly own to wandering  
In fancy's paradise, and pondering

In joy and sadness, joy prepondering,  
For grief can tarry  
While hopeful, healthful, youth is forming,  
From the bright blossoms of the morning,  
Rose wreaths, for its own brows adorning,  
In thoughtless pleasure.

*First Voice.*

Felitia, mine, fair is thy dreaming,  
Thy tell-tale eyes reveal its meaning,  
For love draws back the veil of seeming —  
Love without measure.

## VOICES OF THE BOOKS.

Here in these books a thousand spirits dwell.  
The mightiest of earth. Yet at our will  
They stand before us as did Samuel  
Before the witch of Endor. Mute until  
We bid them speak to us, then grave or gay,  
As changing moods possess us, we make choice  
Of such immortal presence as we may,  
To rise before our eyes, and lift his voice.  
The hoary Prophet's words are here to hear  
In thunders echoing back from Sinai's rocks.  
Achilles, wailing o'er Patroklos' bier,  
Sounds in our ears. We see the gory locks,  
Cleansed and anointed, hear the maiden's weep  
And dole their praises of the hero slain.  
We see the hollow ships, black, broad and deep,  
That idly lie beside the rolling main.  
Here crowned Kings in warlike harness stand,  
Who at our beck march forth in all their pride.  
They mount their steeds! We hear the stern  
command,

As to the battle's front they madly ride.  
Now echoes from Old Egypt sound amain,  
The shadoof creaks beside the turbid Nile.  
Here sounds the Gheber's prayer, in plaintive  
    strain.

Wise Socrates is here as with a smile  
He bids the world adieu.

                                Here at our call  
Come forth the soldier — orators of Rome,  
Who of her glory days, and of her fall,  
Speak out their burning words again.  
                                The tome  
Is shut and they are silent.

                                Here in line  
The deathless poets stand, each laurel crowned,  
Their harps attuned to lofty song divine.  
Full softly in our ears, we catch the sound  
Of wondrous music, tales of love or woe,  
Sweet songs of nature in her many moods,  
From singing brooklet in its peaceful flow,  
To tempest raging through primeval woods.  
Now as of yore they chant again their lays,  
And we, enraptured with their melody,



Humbly salute these lights of other days,  
And bless the power that gave us minstrelsy.

Is this the gracious form of Mary's son ?  
Here ye his tender words unmoved, who can,  
As on the Mount he stands — the stainless one,  
Those wondrous words of love to erring man.

Profound philosophy speaks from this page.  
Here speculation flares its flickering light.  
Folly, with gibe and grimace walks the stage,  
And truth in sober garb proclaims the Right.

All knowledge worth the knowing, yet attained,  
Lies in these volumes snugly garnered up,  
That when the thirsty soul one draught hath  
drained,  
May fill and fill again his little cup.

And yet untasted lie the waters deep,  
So copious is the fount, for one alone  
Can of the whole but little claim and keep,  
However striveth he to make it all his own.

## A NIGHT IN THE DOME.

One Jones of Boston, on a summer's day,  
Climbed to the State House dome, to be away  
From all annoyance. Here on a bench of oak  
Up in the lantern, down he sat to smoke  
His pensive pipe of peace, and calmly try  
To tune his fancies to a place so high.

Around him on all sides full many a name,  
Smith, Brown, and Jones, and others known to  
fame

Was penciled, cut or scratched in jagged rows,  
The newer treading on the elder's toes,  
Or quite effacing those of other days,  
A type of worldly strife and worldly ways.

One soaring soul, high on the wooden wall  
Had cut "J. Brown," a yard above them all.

"Glory awaits him who this record made,  
He wins his laurels with his shining blade."  
So spoke our friend, "Shall I too have renown,"  
Then carved "B. Jones," still higher than "J.  
Brown."

An odd stick was this Jones, his dearest love  
Was to climb upward, till as high above  
His fellows, as he could find stairs to mount,  
There in deep solitude to sit and count  
The stars if it were night, and if by day,  
To mump, and mope, and muse in his own way,  
On human folly in the city wide,  
That spread beneath his feet ; the pomp and pride  
Of those who now possess Dame Fortune's horn,  
The hungry greed of others who were born  
Without the silver spoon between their lips.  
"But little recks the child, what metal dips  
His pabulum," remarked Jones to himself,  
"For I began the world devoid of pelf.  
And more's the pity, too, for why should worth  
Be lost among the plodding sons of earth."  
Down on the street below he cast his eyes  
To watch the moving throng. Like creeping flies,  
Now fast, now slow, in devious ways they went,  
Each on his own mysterious errand bent.  
With lithe and bounding gait youth onward sped,  
Age slowly crept, with measured, cautious tread,  
Some strode along, the welcome smiles to meet  
Of wife and babes. The fag with lagging feet,

Slouched feebly on, nearing the house unblessed  
With love, seeking forgetfulness and rest,  
From grinding toil.

The light was fading fast.

Below a noisy group went reeling past,  
The spendthrift sons of grubbing, grasping sires,  
Filled to the brim with many colored fires,  
In liquid form, and known as bottled goods.  
Down hill they strolled in sweet, melodious moods,  
Singing that rare old song, more loud than clear,  
“We won’t go home — ’till daylight doth appear,”  
Meanwhile sat Jones, like the grim bird of fate,  
Thinking his thoughts, until the clock struck eight,  
“Why, bless my soul, so late?” he cried, quite  
shocked,  
Then rushed down to the door and found it locked.  
“Halloo, below there!” shouted Jones, “Halloo!”  
No answering voice ascended from below,  
The keeper for far Chelsea had set sail,  
Bearing a bundle and his dinner pail.  
“No use,” he cried, “No tea and toast, no bed  
To-night, no restful pillow for my head,  
I’ll mount the winding stairs again, no wink

Of sleep 'till morn, but time enough to think."  
Slowly dragged the night, the Old South bell  
Rang out the passing hours and broke the spell  
Of lonely silence. At length the wind arose,  
And Jones awakening from a troubled doze,  
Heard sounds like human voices, shouts and cries,  
High in the vault above. He rubbed his eyes  
And listened. Once again he heard the moans  
And could it be, yes, surely it said Jones,  
As plain as plain could be ; Jones tried to speak  
But failed. Another and a louder shriek  
Sounded the name, Jones wished himself at home,  
But cried out, " Who are you ?" " Why I'm the  
Dome,"

Answered the voice, " I've got a word to say  
To you my son, before you go away.  
If there was time I'd talk to you all night  
Of those old days when Boston bay was white  
With Boston ships, good old square riggers too,  
That worked in port with neither wheel or screw,  
No puffing tugs, — but I should talk you blind  
If I should tell a tithe that's in my mind,  
A thousandth part of what my eyes have seen  
Since right down here below lived Gardiner Green.

---

To see him in his breeches and cocked hat  
Alighting from his chariot, and all that  
Is something to remember, *that* was style  
Fit for the grand old times, you'll wait awhile  
Before you see the like again. But this won't do,  
I've got you up here Jones, to talk to you  
Of things that I want done. Now don't forget,  
But stir yourself at once and see to it,  
Don't wait a day my son, but just you go  
And tell these fellows in the halls below,  
The House and Senate, mind, and Governor, too,  
To mend the building laws. This thing won't do.  
Why look you Jones, that building is so tall  
It hides the grasshopper on Faneuil Hall.  
Twelve stories more or less if I count true.  
Then look at State street, where's my harbor view?  
If more of these same modern Babel Towers  
Grow up to mar this dear old town of ours.  
What do you say? Don't like to join the lobby?  
You need'nt, Jones. Let Tom and Dick and Bobby  
Still ply their trade; you only speak for me,  
They'll all be glad to hear *without* a fee.  
Just think of me, if they build up so high  
Above my lofty shoulders, where am I?

I love old Boston, Jones, and she loves me.  
My golden crown shines out o'er land and sea,  
A sight so fair should not be hedged about  
By such aspiring structures, shutting out  
The light and air from all the streets below.  
This thing is getting serious, don't you know.  
One other matter," here the voice grew weak,  
And said in whispers, "Wait, Jones, I can't  
speak

Unless the wind blows." All was still as death,  
The wind had sunk so low that not a breath  
Disturbed the cobwebs on the winding stair.  
Suddenly the voice again cried, "Jones, are you  
there ?

Now list, my boy, we've got the wind again  
And I can talk. I wish to make it plain,  
This plan of mine, to keep the city free  
From all unsightly things, such as you see  
Now growing up around us all like weeds  
In a fair garden strown with alien seeds,  
Look on these uncouth poles on every side,  
Bearing more uncouth crosses, spreading wide  
Their arms of knobbed, rough timbered ugliness,  
Laden with rusty wires, endless and numberless,

Why, what's the use of architecture, — art,  
In building cities, if in every part,  
There is not shown some sense of harmony,  
Something to fill and satisfy the eye.  
Strike from your roofs those gibbets, pull them  
down,  
Make kindling wood of every pole in town !  
Aye, clear away the rubbish. Let us see  
The good old city as it used to be.  
A word more. If these tall buildings still *must*  
grow,  
Why lift me up a hundred feet or so,  
That I may be henceforth, as in the past,  
The central bud and blossom to the last.  
Don't go to sleep, my boy, till I have done,  
I shan't be long. Go speak to every one  
Down in the halls, and tell them all for me,  
To fix the laws all right — as they should be.  
Then add a dozen more if need be, Jones,  
To get the first enforced." The hollow tones  
Now ceased, the wind sank low and lower, gone.

Jones slept. When brightly broke the ruddy  
morn,



He roused himself and from his garments shook  
The clinging dust, yawned thrice, then sadly took  
His contemplative pipe from out his fob.

"My friend in need!" he cried, "we'll try to rob  
The weary hours of all that's dull and drear,  
And turn this sad mishap to right good cheer."  
At length the keeper came. He looked aghast  
At Jones, who murmured low, "at last, at last,"  
"Why who are you, and what d'ye want now, say?"  
"Jones, and a breakfast, sir!" Jones walked  
away.

## THE DANCE.

Let the lamps shine clear and bright,  
Youth and beauty dance to night.  
Gleams the waxen floor below,  
Twang the viols, trumpets blow,  
Softly on the keynote high,  
Wailing strings now sob and sigh,  
Horns breathe out low mellow notes  
From their wide and brazen throats.  
Bursts of music fill the hall,  
Echoing from roof and wall.  
Underneath the floral arch,  
See the pageant of the march,  
Winding in so buoyantly,  
Like a moving symphony.  
Stay the march, your places fill,  
For the mazy grand quadrille.  
Sharply rings the leader's call,  
Bow the partners, corners, all.  
Sounds the harp's impassioned **beat**,  
Giving wings to flying feet.

Flowing robe and fluttering lace,  
Lends to each an added grace.  
Knotted scarf, and ribbon flies,  
Joy looks out from smiling eyes,  
Glowing cheek and parted lips,  
Dainty proffered finger tips,  
For the wild, delirious swing  
In the whirling, circling ring.  
Now the coursing blood mounts high,  
Throbbing with the melody,  
As it weaves its potent spells,  
As it rises, sinks and swells,  
Life hath many an hour of bliss,  
What more shining hour than this.

—

10.

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12.

13.

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15.













JUN 1 - 1956

